A

POEM

ATTEMPTING SOMETHING

UPON THE

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RARITIES

Of the most

RENOWNED UNIVERSITY

OF

CAMBRIDGE.

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A

POEM

Attempting ſomething upon the Rarities of the moſt Renowned Univerſity of

CAMBRIDGE.

1.

AN harmleſs Country Life, and far from Care
I long had liv'd: free as the ambient Aire, (were.
And Innocent as thoſe firſt men of the golden Ages
Contented with my Ignorance and State,
In my Lethargick Dream ſecure I ſate.
No News, no Changes fearfully I heard,
And nothing knew, and ſo I nothing fear'd.
Thus I ſate ſtill,
And as I did no good, I did no ill.
But glew'd toth' Earth, I ſeem'd to Envy All,
Ev'n Stones that had a life more dull, or we more torpid call:
Thus lay I down and would not riſe, and ſo I could not fall:
Lulling my ſelf in ſweet ſecurity,
And as from cares, from praiſe and honour free.

In ſuch a drowſy life (if one it might be nam'd,
Or whether more of Death it rightly claim'd)
Since there no buſineſs to my empty head did clime,
I us'd to lye, and ſleep out half my time.
Nor did I dream, for my dull Soul did keep
So great a reſt, as if with me, it too was fallen a ſleep.
It chanc'd I ſlept (as I was uſe to do
Free as the Dead that never cares do know.
When an unuſual Storm my Soul oppreſt,
And a dull weight lay on my troubled breaſt.
A diſmall Scene did my ſad thoughts perſue,
A blacker trembling fear yet never drew.
Night ſpread his wings on all was near,
And only ſo much light was there,
To let me ſee the cauſe I had to fear.
I ſaw by this unwiſht for light,
What had before been buried up in the dark womb of night.
A Wood it was, (if one might call it ſo
Though there nought but the Yew
And mournful Cypreſs grew.
And on them cluſtring Troops of grief and woe.)
Lotos, and ſleepy Poppies all around,
And drowſie Herbs, with their leaves Earths viſage Crown'd.
Fain I would fly, but ſtill I ſaw there lay
Black Errour, griſly Ignorance, and on
My back ſtood gaping dark Oblivion;
And thouſand other Monſters in my way:
Which my pale fear forgot, nor could it tell,
Monſters ſo ſtrange that they would fright even Hell.
My coward ſenſes fled, and I
Had let ſo many foes in by my Eye,
That I reſolved to render up and Die.

When

2

When ſwift as winged lightning from the Skie,
Or the quick glances of the Eye:
Cambridge great Spirit deſcends, and with her ſight
Diſpells the darkneſs, and my fears, the trembling Sons of (night.
In her fair Face well temper'd gravity,
With a ſweet lovelyneſs doth mixed lye:
That She alike could prove
Powerful to rule our Souls with awe, or to inſpire with Love.
Ten thouſand Figures in her Viſage plac'd
Of all the Languages are known
And all the Arts each Nation calls her own
Was Pictured there; and yet ſo wiſely done,
The Artful ſtroaks her charming features grac'd.
A ſtranger garb ne're yet amazement ſaw.
All Sciences were painted there,
That e're the Learned world could ſhare,
'Twas made of ſhreds of *Hebrew* roots, and threds the School- (men draw.
And on her head a Crown
Of all the flow'rs that Orators, or Poets e're could own.
Her left hand held a Book, her right a Silver wand,
With which She all the Paſſions could of humane Souls com- (mand.
To me She came, and in the way
Ten thouſand crowding Joys there lay:
None of thoſe gaſtly ſhapes before her ſtay,
But fly away all in a Fright,
As Spectres do at the approach of light.
Thus when the world did in the Chaos lye,
When each with other did ingage
And equally did rage,
And nothing but in diſcord did agree:
The Powerful Deity
With a Commanding look

All into concord and obedience ſtrook.
Their former rage doth fall,
And ſmiling Peace with her ſoft Joys doth gently crown this
I ſaw the charge, and how my fears were fled: (All.
But juſt as when an Earthy vapour flies
And Marſhalls up a Troop of Tragedies,
Within my thoughtful head:
I wake, and though I know 'twas but a Dream,
Yet ſtill I quake, and ſtill I fear
My former dangers all are near:
Thus my ſad Soul run over all the wonders of the Theam.
I ſaw the change, and was amaz'd thereat,
And thought it falſe becauſe it was ſo great.
Till the bleſt Viſion made a ſtand,
And touch'd my drowſy Soul with her enchanted wand.
And thus between a frown and ſmile ſhe ſpoke.

3

Degenerous Soul! at laſt awake,
And thy dull eyes their leaden ſleep forſake:
The day, the day is broke.
Thy noble fellows half their race have run,
Before thou haſt begun.
They clime the Hill, and up to Honour riſe,
While thou dar'ſt ſcarce caſt up thy trembling eyes
To look ſo high as they have gone.
They have cut through new Alps, and ſail'd new Seas,
Smoothed the rougheſt paſſages,
Killed more Monſters then e're did the far ſain'd *Hercules*.
And nothing's left for thee to do,
Nothing but gather Roſes now.
Peace now hath gently ſmil'd away the wars,
No Briars nor Thorns will ſtop thy way,
No unknown Monſters will the ſtay; (Stars,
Theſe are but fancies, ſuch as th' ſignes men fix among the

Thus

Thus ſhe had ſpoke, and all the while
She charmingly did from my ſelf, my ſelf beguile.
Each Accent did my Soul inſpire,
Each Accent rais'd my Spirit higher,
And kindled in my breaſt ſo pure a fire,
That melted all my droſs and cowardize away.
Methought I had new Life, new Birth, new Soul,
A Soul that ſcorn'd upon the Earth to ſtay,
But with bold wings would ſoar above the Pole:
With that the Spirit ſmil'd, and with a gentle force
Bears me above through unknown paths a wondrous courſe.
'Till at the entrance of the noted Town,
Set me amazed, and admiring down.
Here (cries She) to the wondring eyes, I'le ſhow
More then the world Epitomiz'd can do.
So wondrous great, and wondrous ſtrange they'l ſeem,
So inexpreſſible they'l ſhew. (true,
That thou'lt ſcarce bend thy ſtubborn fancy to believe them
But ſtill will think thy ſelf art in a Dream.

4

There Reverend *Peter* ſhows his Aged head,
And overlooks with comely pride,
Th' enameld Field ſtretch'd by his ſide:
And the Illuſtrious *Chams* known watry Bed.
See th' Reliques of the Beauty kept for many years,
See in's old Age how glorious he appears.
Such footſteps of a charming Face, that even
You'd think his Keyes were the true Keyes of Heaven.
He firſt of all, like Infant light,
Broke through the Darkneſs, while a round
Horror and fear Earths Viſage Crown'd,
VVhoſe darkneſs made him ſhow more bright.
He frighted Barbariſm and Ignorance away,
Smil'd on the Chaos with a lovely Ray,

St. Peters *Coll. Built Anno* 1256.

Scatter'd

Scatter'd all clouds to Hell, and brought in inexhauſted Day.
This was my firſt Born, this was my firſt care,
VVhen all the reſt ſcarce Embrios lay.
Before ſo many Sons my fruitful womb did bear,
He wantonly did in my Boſome play.
This was my Heir, and this ſhall ſtill inherit
A double portion of my Spirit.
And he ſhall flouriſh ſtill in Learnings Bed,
VVhile I am *Cambridge* Soul, and *Cambridge* learnings head.

Clare Hall *Built by the Counteſs of* Clare, *Anno* 1326.

The next in Age is the bright Hall of *Clare*,
As Glorious as its Beauteous Foundreſs were.
See how it cheats old Age
And ſhews its ever conquering Head,
And laughs at all the Batteries and rage
That Time and Ruine on the world have bred:
View its new garb, and ſee its ſmiling face,
A comely geſture, and a modiſh grace.
That the deceiv'd Spectators well might ſay,
Nay ſwear, 'twas but the work of yeſterday.
For when it doth begin
To tremble with old Age and Cold,
It like the cunning Serpent caſts the skin
And wondrouſly grows young, by growing old.

5.

Pembroke Hall *Built by the Counteſs of* Pembroke, *An.* 1343.

Next is great *Pembroke*, whoſe high Miſtreſs Fame
Is there entail'd, as well as was her Name.
Yet now it doth to ſo great Glory paſs,
The work no leſs the Buildreſs doth grace,
Then She did it, when it an Infant was.
View but the glorious Chappel there, and ſee
In it the Authors ſelf, in it the Authors purity.
Pure as the bleſſed Biſhops thoughts, and ſacred too,
Though not ſo glorious as he in's Eternal Chappel now.

So

So Bleſſed and Heavenly ſight,
Would draw from's Cell an Anchorite,
And quite convert a Lover of the night.
So like to Heaven, that it would ſtrike an awe,
And Reverence even from Prophaneneſs draw.

That is holy *Benedict*, ſee how he lies
Enclos'd all round as Natures chiefeſt prize.
All with officious haſt are found
Greedily to embrace the goodly pile around.
Thus Nature doth her Jewels choicely keep,
Gold muſt be digged for deep.
Jewels and Gems do never lye,
Proſtitute to each careleſs ſeekers eye.
In thouſand wandring Labyrinths they're found,
Beneath the weighty Earth, beneath the Maſſy ground.
Thus Cloyſtered up from humane ſight thou'rt ſet
Like Jewels in a Cabinet.
Thus thou for Majeſty turn'ſt Anchorite,
Like the Mogul kept up from common ſight.

Corporis Chriſti *College Built Anno* 1353.

There's *Trinity* Hall, where wars and tumults ceaſe,
VVhere all Debates ſhrink into ſmiling peace.
VVhere baniſhed Juſtice once again,
Deigns to deſcend and to converſe with men.
VVhere nothing but ſoft eaſe and pleaſures dwell,
So wiſe too, that it might compoſe the loud debates of Hell.
Here candid Peace with her ſoft Troop doth reſt,
And gently breaths ſoft quiet into every breaſt.
Jars and diſquiets fly from this bleſſed Cell,
And never dare appear in ſight,
But fly like Clouds before the wind diſordered in a fright.
'Twas Peace firſt made the confus'd world,
VVhen all did in wide diſcord lye,
VVhen all was in confuſion hurl'd,

Trinity Hall *built Anno* 1350.

The jarring parts joine in ſweet amity.
And lulling diſcord up in ſleep,
An everlaſting Reſt and Jubilee to keep.
And ſurely thou bleſs'd place with eaſe and peace,
Did'ſt from thy Infancy increaſe.
Some Artful *Orpheus* drew thy moved ſtones,
(Thoſe Tuneful and Harmonious ones.)
Muſick firſt made thee, eaſe and peace have crown'd,
Peace joyns thy loving ſtones in ſtrict embraces bound,
And Joy and Pleaſure ever ſhall thy aged Head ſurround.
Nor ſhall thy peaceful parts e're diſagree,
E're from their amorous conjunction fall,
E're leave their former charming Harmony,
'Till the laſt diſcord and confuſion breaks in peices all.

Gonvil *and* Cai: *Coll. Built Anno,* 1348.

There noble *Caies* ſmiling, himſelf doth ſhow
So great, that he may well claim's Birth of two.
One ſide with unconcerned eyes looks down,
On the great ſtreet and buſineſs of the Town:
Yet's not diſturb'd, no more then Angels are
That ſee our woes and miſeries from far,
But matter not what griefs we bear.
'Tis plac'd in Joys, and that the thoughts of others grief doth drown.
Thus thoſe that to *Olympus* top do go,
See all ill weather, and ill fate below,
Yet plac'd above th' effects do never know.
His other ſide with longing eyes,
(O happy Neighbourhood) looks on
The worlds great Phœnix, Learnings Pantheon,
The ſacred Schools of holy Myſteries.
No wonder if ſuch noble Sons h' hath bred,
Since he's ſo nigh the Fountain head.

6.

There is *Kings* College, th' Embrio of a work as great
As thoſe aſpiring Pyramids that laugh at Fate.
Fit for ſo great a man, fit for ſuch Majeſty and State.
Wide as his Kingdoms, and to be
As his great Name Illuſtrious and high:
My hopefull'ſt Son yet kill'd in's Infancy.
His Royal Father ſtruck by conquering Fate,
(All die promiſcuouſly, the low and great)
Fell Victime to his rage, and by his ſide
The tender helpleſs Infant died.
And his ſad Doom ſo faſt the *Parcæ* ſpun,
His fate was finiſh'd when he was ſcarce begun:
Thus Death kills Buildings, not yet made, Time moulters thoſe are done.
Too cruel Fate---- that would at once deface
England of ſuch a King, *Cambridge* of ſuch a place.
More the kind Spirit would have ſpoke,
But ſighs and Tears their ſentence broke.
Yet on ſhe leads me, and with ſpeaking ſignes
She ſhows where Nature all her Arts confines.
I lift my wondering eyes to ſee,
And with amazement I become as dumb as ſhe:
A Chappel if the Earth would pleaſe, would pleaſe the (Deity.
A place the wandring Sun ſurrounds each day,
And with a piercing eye doth curiouſly ſurvey;
Yet daily doth ſuch wonders view,
Though 'tis ſo old, he ſtill doth think it new.
A place Spectators gaping look at ſo,
Which with ſuch charms doth pleaſe,
'Till they with wonder almoſt ſtones do grow.
A place that doth exceed all our Romances lies;
A place too great for me to ſpeak, to good for me to ceaſe.

Kings *College by* Henry VI. *Anno* 1441.

So Heavenly and Divine a thing,
Was only fit to be the work of that Illuſtrious King.
Yet led on by a pleaſing force,
I willing follow my Conductors courſe.
'Till I thought even
She'd pard'nably beguil'd me into Heaven.
Within, a place ſo glorious and Divine,
None e're ſurpaſs'd it O bleſſed Heaven but thine,
Heaven cannot vaunt her ſpangled dreſs to be ſo fine.
O who would not wiſh to be
All eyes to ſee.
I ſtand amazed at the bleſſed ſight,
(The ſight of Heaven as well as Hell can fright.)
As Heavens great Arched roof 'twas high,
And cover'd with a ſpangled Canopy.
A Quire of Angels too, all cloath'd in white,
Their well tun'd *Halelujahs* did recite.
Muſick that ſo ſweet did ſeem,
That it could lull me faſt aſleep though I was in my dream.
Here I unmoved ſtood, one would have thought me dead,
Or that Ide ſeen *Meduſa*'s head.
When the kind ſpirit with an inſinuating ſmile,
Did me and all my fears beguile,
And look'd me into life again.
And took me up, and on the top my feet did ſtay.
Methought I was above the world, methought above a man.
I kiſs the Clouds, and with a generous Pride,
Slight all the groveling Mortals that crawl on the world beſide
And ſmile to think how much I'am nigher Heaven then they.
Here in high State my eye as Victor reigns,
And pitying looks on the ſubjected plains:
Methinks I upward go, (low.
Ride on the Clouds, and ſee men all like Emmets move be-
Thus Angels from ſome bleſſed Star,
Peep and behold the woes that Mortal men do bear.

7. That

7.

That next (crys out my bleſſed guide)
Is Royal *Queens*; where you will find,
Mixt with a Beauteous Pride,
Th' Image of that great Queens Illuſtrious Mind.
Her Towers mix with the Clouds, and ſeem to tell
They're far above Tereſtrial.
In *Chams* Illuſtrious ſtream She views her Face;
A nobler and more Chriſtial glaſs,
Then ever did her Foundreſs Palace grace.
The Sun himſelf is not ſo bright as She,
When he ſees his reflected Image from the Sea.
The waves kiſs her proud walls, and fain would ſtay,
But them th' impetuous Torrent bears away;
And as they go,
Melting in tears they in ſoft murmurs flow.

Queens Coll. *Built by* Margaret *Queen to* Henry VI. *Anno* 1448.

Next this a Neighbour *Katherine* doth ſtand,
Not Proud, with an aſpiring Head,
That would the bold Spectators eye command,
And ſtrike into their heart a ſecret dread.
Great bodies move but ſlow, while ſuch as theſe,
With ſubtle motion pierce the Skies,
And leave dull rocks, and ſtately works ſtill torpid on the land.
Nature doth not her choiceſt gifts confine
To wondrous Piles, and ſtately things
They of themſelves are fine,
While ſuch as theſe have all their worth within.
In ugly and deformed Bodies oft we find a Soul,
As great and good as ever did mans clog of earth controul.
Pearls of the nobleſt kind,
In rugged Rocks and Oyſter-ſhells we find.

Katherine *Hall Built Anno* 1475.

Jeſus *Coll. Built Anno* 1496.

There's bleſſed *Jeſus* ſubject to thy view;
How wiſely 'tis from buſineſs hurl'd,
As though like his great Maſter too,
He was about to leave the world.
Retir'd from all impertinence and noiſe,
The great diſturber of our ſecreſies:
And the foul Canker that corrodes our pleaſures and our joys.
From all diſturbance, and wild trouble free,
As was its former Nunnery.
O happy place! free from the thronging crowd,
And all thoſe woes that in their ways are ſtrow'd.
Thy firſt choice took; what our great wiſe ones do,
When they the world and all its troubles know,
Shipwrack'd on the worlds Sea, they come to land,
And in retirement find an eaſe of woe.
Before they could the crouds of men, but now of woes com-(mand.
Which now dare not attempt their Fort, but harmleſs ſtand.
Bleſſed Halycon days attend their ſtate,
Free from the pendent dangers of the high and great.

8.

Chriſt *College Built by* Margaret *Counteſs of* Richmond *Mother to* Henry VII. *Anno* 1505.

Next is *Chriſts* College, and 'tis reaſon too,
That names ſo ſacred ſhould together go.
The noble Foundreſs ſtately Pile;
She Built a College, and her Son
Through all the courſe of Victory did run,
And made one peaceful College of the Iſle.
She here did ſettle Peace,
He in the Kingdome made all Jars to ceaſe,
And Hers, as well as His, great Buildings doth increaſe.

St. Johns *Coll. Built by the former Foundreſs*, 1508.

Next is *St. Johns*, a place it ſelf might be,
An Univerſity.
Such numerous off-ſpring in his Breaſts remain,
As though *Deucalions* Age was come again,
And th' very ſtones produced men.

Such

Such thick ſet Troops that they confound the ſight,
And make a confus'd light.
It is the number of the Stars we ſee
That make the Galacy.
Nobly this doth increaſe,
And ſets i'th waves his conquering walls:
Makes the proud current ſtoop to peace,
And into forc'd ſubjection fall.
And ſo great Praiſe, and ſo great Honour given,
His feet treads on the waves, his head doth reach to Heaven.

Magdalene Coll. Built, Anno 1519.

But now from hence, as far as e're thine eye,
Can *Northward* look, doth noble *Magdalene* lye.
And as from hence 'tis ſeen
It looks like Heaven with a vaſt Gulph between:
The ſacred River between us doth glide,
Like *England* parted by the Sea from all the world beſide.

Trinity Coll. Built by Henry VIII. Anno 1546.

There's *Trinity* my Son, and greateſt pride,
Not to be equal'd in the world beſide.
Wide as the Earth, high as the Heaven his Fame,
And only fit for ſuch a glorious Name.
Go enter in, the Loving Spirit cries,
And with the ſight bleſs thy admiring eyes.
I enter as ſhe bid,
But thought it a new world,
As *Caſars* Souldiers did
When they on *Britany* their conquering weapons hurld.
I ſaw the other ſide from far,
And my weak ſight's loſt in the way,
My eyes do in the wondrous journy ſtay,
And of the end a faint reſemblance bear.
Men too methinks on th' other ſide I ſee,
But by the diſtance they're become but mens Epitome.

Eagles

Eagles ſo far themſelves could ſcarcely ſee,
And none muſt hope,
Without the advantage of a Teleſcope.
Here Travellers that o're the world have run,
Find all the wonders they have ſeen out-done.
Nay that great wanderer the Sun,
In all the Journeys he hath gone,
Ne're ſaw ſo brave a Court---- no not his own.
Nor is't a painted Hypocrite,
Nor doth it only pleaſe the curious ſight,
'Tis lin'd within with men, more then its outſide, bright.

Emanuel Coll. Built An. 1584.

There ſtand *Emanuel*, where my Pious ſons,
My Religious ones
Have laid a noble work----
But oh ſee how it naked ſtands,
And craves the help of the more powerful hands.
Methinks by all the holy Prayers,
By all the Sacred Vows and Tears,
That will hereafter there be made,
It craves their help, as though it ſaid,
Thoſe that me Build, beſide the Praiſe
In Building me, themſelves to Heaven they raiſe.
For from theſe very Stones,
God will raiſe up to *Abraham* Sons.

Sydney Coll. Built An. 1598.

My laſt is *Sydney* College, that great Name,
That's flown ſo far upon the wings of Fame.
That now and ever will
All full-ſwoln mouths, and all wide places fill.
And may a Soul as great as e're,
Stoop'd to inform a body here,
Or what's the ſame, ſo great, ſo good, and fair,
As that the noble *Sydney* bear,

Warm

Warm every Breaſt, inflame each heart,
And like the Soul be all in all, and all in every part,

9.

Next is the Schools, where there's more learning ſhown,
Then all th' ambitious world beſide can own.
On the right hand a ſacred place doth ly,
Appropriated to Divinity.
So wondrouſly they ſpeak
Of ſuch high matters, ſuch deep judgment take:
With ſacred violence Heaven it ſelf they ſcale,
Unclaſpe the Orbs, and ſearch all o're,
Their ſecret Treaſures never known before.
They boldly paſs
Beyond th' uncertain marks of *Galileus*'s glaſs.
Up into th' Starry Heaven they fly,
Where never Teleſcope could lead the eye.
Aſtrologers that not th' effects of the weak Stars do know,
But what he that doth rule the Stars will do.
Thoſe two great depths (that ſo have toſs'd our Nation)
That of free-will, that of Predeſtination:
Out of the mine at laſt the Truth is wrought,
And by the ſtrikings of theſe flints, the ſparks of light fly out.
Nothing's too deep for them to ſearch: to theſe
Hell's no Abyſſe, Hell is not bottomleſſe.

On the left hand the Phyſick Schools: an Art
The uſefuleſt Heaven ever did unto the world impart
It underprops lifes ſinking frame,
Draws out the thread mans life doth tye,
And almoſt equallize the Deity.
He made the body, when that fails, they can renew't again.
There 'tis the brave diſcoverers do ſcan,
The little world, the world of man.

See how the Sun, the Heart,
Doth life and vigour to each Limb impart.
How in ſmall rivolets the Blood doth paſs,
And ſecretly doth viſit all the Maſs.
The ſtrange Compoſure, and the wondrous Art,
The Symetry of every part.
While in this little ſpace they find
All the great wonders of the greater world combin'd.
Juſt as we ſee
Cambridge, of all the Learned world, is the Epitome.

Beneath theſe are the places where they pry
Into th' abſtruſes of Philoſophy.
Search all her Maiden treaſures o're,
Unknown, unſeal'd, untouch'd before.
Undreſs coy Madam Nature, and ſhew
The bluſhing Virgin to their View.
And with a piercing eye deſcry,
Effects that ſleeping in their cauſes lye.
And from the deeps the precious Gems they hew.
Led on by *Ariſtotles* noble Soul,
They through all Seas, all mazes roul,
Nay go beyond their Leader too.
And not contented ſtill to lye,
I'th' Univerſal ſlavery,
Of the old ſtaggarite.
Cry Io Io Victory,
Break all their Bonds, and out they fly
From his dull ſhady wings to endleſs worlds of light.
And freed from th' Tyranny they've conquer'd more,
In one now, then in twenty Ages before.
Here brave adventurers do try,
New Seas, new Lands, nay upward fly,
And beyond th' firſt *Columbus* find new Conqueſts in the skie.

10. While

10.

VVhile I admiring ſtand, (my Guide doth cry)
Theſe wondrous Structures that have pleas'd thine eye,
Are but the Caſes where the Jewels lye:
And all the Beauty thou haſt in them ſeen,
Proceeds but from the Luſter of the Gems within:
A Troop of men, that ſhould the *Gaules* here come,
VVith wandring eyes they'd them ſurvey,
And ſooner think them Gods then they
That ſate in Robes as Senators at *Rome*.
Only in this they do the Gods out-doe,
Their words more then their Oracles are true.
See where they come---- and all the way,
Ten thouſand Graces in the paſſage ſtray.
And when the worlds ſwoln vanity would them greet,
See with what comely pride they trample it beneath their feet.
I look'd, and thought that Age was come again,
When Gods deſcended to converſe with men.
Thus through the milky way the Gods reſort,
When they are ſummond up to *Joves* high Court.
A zealous Fire doth in their boſomes ſtay,
Yet on their heads are hills of Snow,
On *Ætna*'s thundring Mount juſt ſo.
Snows in the harmleſs fire doth play,
And the two jarring Elements do mix'd together ſtray.
But what are thoſe fair Saints cry'd I,
Of ſo Divine a ſhape, and like the Deity,
That ſtill them do accompany.
The firſt (cry'd my bleſs'd Guide) all cloath'd in white,
Crowned with pleaſure and delight,
And ſmooth, and fair as Heavens bright Galaxy:
Is bleſſed Peace that is their conſtant guide,
Still ſtrows their way as on they go,
That they no trouble, nor no grief may know,
But Joy and bleſſed content may evermore abide.

The other Beauty ever freſh and fair,
Not ſullied with the touch of prophane Air
Is ſacred Truth: long hath ſhe baniſhed been,
And long impriſon'd in dark night,
Hid with black Errors, gloomy ſchreen,
'Till hither at the laſt ſhe made her flight,
To expreſs her ſelf in everlaſting light.
Between theſe two ſtands Vertue, not leſs fair
Though not ſo glorious to the eye,
Yet a grave Beauty in her Face doth lye:
And in thoſe rags doth ſhe her Beauty ſhroud,
Like the bright Sun hid in a Cloud.
Deſpis'd of all the world, but only thoſe
Whoſe Eagle eye
Can through the Vail, can through the Cloud eſpie,
Thoſe ſolid Joys which the bleſſed Taſter knows.
Theſe and ten thouſand more do ever wait,
Upon their bleſſed, ſerene, and happy ſtate:
And here ſo many raviſhing Joys do play,
That one without *Hyperbole* may ſay
The Earth as well as Heaven hath now a milky way.
And the kind Gods have given
To theſe the next place in the world to Heaven.

II.

Here I into ſoft thoughts was ſlid away,
And in a pleaſing Exſtaſy did ſtray,
And oh I wiſh'd I might for ever ſtay.
When my bleſs'd Spirit took me in my Trance,
And led me a fantaſtick Fairy Dance:
And through new paths, and through new ways me bore,
Till ſhe had ſet me down there where I was before.
Wondring about I gaze,

And

And my own Country's now more ſtrange then *Cambridge* was.
The Scene was chang'd, and a confuſed crowd
Laboriouſly with buzze and noiſe
Searching the world for miſeries,
Like groveling Piſmires all Earths face had ſtrow'd.
Headlong about they crawl,
And woes and miſeries ſurround them all, (fall.
Which with officious hands they make upon their heads to
Each bore a ſting, and ſwell'd with wrath and pride,
They ſheath'd it in their Neighbours ſide.
Their eyes were cloſed up in ſleep,
While all about
Their heads dull ignorance, and all that rout,
Like a dark cloud did faithfully centry keep.
They all advance,
And ſo continue on th' Eternal dance,
And when they're weary grown, they yield to chance.
They riſe, and blindly walk, nor ſee at all,
Till at the laſt they into death and dark Oblivion fall.
Among theſe diſmal ſights far ---- oh from far,
I ſee that bleſſed Seat
Free from the troubles of the high and great,
The Antidote of all the woes that mortal men do bear.
Cambridge that like the upper Regions of the Air is free,
From Storms, from Tempeſts, and their Tyranny.
Bleſſings and happineſs I do eſpy
Only t' increaſe my miſery,
As thoſe in Hell ſee Heaven, yet can't come nigh.
At laſt my Soul big with deſire,
And ſcorning only dully to admire,
Reſolv'd to clime the Hill though ne're ſo ſteep,
Till ſtrugling I burſt through the ſilken fetters of my ſleep.

12.

Awak'd, I found my troubled breaſt,
With ſome bleſs'd Genius poſſeſs'd.
And glowing with a ſecret flame,
I like the Elements was hurl'd
With giddy motion 'bout the world.
'Till I to *Cambridge* to my Center came.
Now like the Love-touch'd Needle that doth move
In never ceaſing motion till it finds it's *North*, its Love
Once found, I will for evermore fixed and conſtant prove.
Hail Sacred Mother, I thy Convert come,
Deign but to take thy Proſelyte,
That's fled from dark Oblivions gaſtly Tomb
Into thy ſpacious and unbounded light.
Here may I live, here may I die,
And from thy Armes my Soul ſhall never fly,
But to the vaſt and endleſs Ocean of Eternity.
Cambridge a place ſo Learned, that ours may ſeem
The happy Iſland whether th' Ancients dream
The learned Souls ſhould from their bodies fly.
Where all the Languages are ſpoken o're,
That only Fame can ſpeak of her in more.
A place where Learning that long ſince did come,
From *Greece* down with the Empire unto *Rome*,
May hither ſeem to have fled,
And *London* to be th' worlds, and *Cambridge* learnings head.
Nay *Athens*, and great *Rome*, whoſe fame was hurl'd
In all ſwoln mouths about the world:
Their Learning, Languages, and Art,
Make of this Magazin but one ſmall part.
It with a ſacred fury flies,
And from remoteſt Lands doth bring her Victories.

China

China it ſelf doth to her Empire bow,
Nay great *Apollo*, that all Lands doth know,
And every day about them all doth go;
So many Languages did never hear,
He is an Eye, but hath no Ear.
Cambridge quite through them all hath gone,
And with the ſpoils of all their Land hath deck'd her own.
Nay were as many Nations here,
As did th' admir'd Apoſtles here,
Cambridge t' each Nation would appear her own:
Or elſe they'd think the Miracle of Tongues again was ſhown.
Or elſe 'twould be
Not *Englands*, but the whole worlds Univerſity.

F I N I S.